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Gunter also held a meeting and passed similar resolutions.

THE DIS-ORGAN-IZER.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

There are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're sitting on your window seat
Beneath a cloudless moon;
You hear a sound, that seems to wear
The semblage of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a crack'd bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "Home, sweet home," should seem to be
A very dismal place;
Your "auld acquaintance," all at once,
Is alter'd in the face;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedge hogs dress'd in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
To deck the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound,
It cannot be—it is—it is—
A hat is going round!

What! pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw;
And pay the owner of the bear
That stunn'd you with his paw;
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw.

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down.

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LAUREL COTTAGE, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

To be lulled to sleep at eventide by the soft murmur of ever-falling water, and to be wakened by the musical matins of the soft wood-birds; to dwell up on high blooming mountains where the silver stars are our night companions—oh! if there be an Elysium upon earth, it is this!

And where is the bright locale of this earthly Elysium, and how may it be approached by the mundane dwellers in the vale? Know ye a broad and shining river, whose borders are embellished by the overhanging cliffs and towering peaks of the grandly beautiful Highlands? Upon this shining river float gay pleasure-barks, whose white, fluttering sails will soon wast you to the base of the delectable mountains.

From the village of Catskill to the Laurel House the distance is fourteen miles, five hours of ascent and descent, of interminable winding, now tacking to avoid a frightful precipice, now following the dry bed of some deep ravine, from which we emerge up into an open eminence, from which we catch glimpses of the beautiful upper and lower world, and thence again to plunge into the solitude of deep aromatic woods. A fatiguing ride, one would imagine, but the way is beguiled by the novelty of the ever-changing scenes, and by the varied aspect of the floral kingdom. Here lovely daisies bloom by the wayside, and the thick clusters of the radiant laurel gleam out from the gloom of the mountain pines. Bright berries growing in the clefts of the rocks invite one to linger, and the soft, cool mosses that cling to the impending trees relieve and refresh the eye.

Half way up the mountain there is a small wayside inn. It stands upon the mountain slope in a lonely glen, through which runs a little purling stream, singing a drowsy tune. The mountain birch, sassafras, and wild hazel darken this glen, and shut out all prospect. The silent gloom and the hushed stillness that reign over this lonely spot, have suggested for it the appropriate name of "Sleepy Hollow." Sleepy Hollow! ground made classic by the graceful pen of Washington Irving. Classic ground indeed, for there hangs above the inn door a quaint portrait of Rip Van Winkle as he awakens from his long slumber. And this mountain stream is the "narrow gully" up which Rip Van Winkle and his strange companion toiled with the keg of liquor.

The Mountain House stands at the summit of the mountain, and commands a view as awful as the sublimity of the ocean. But I do not wish to belittle it by any attempt to describe it by my feeble pen.

From the Mountain House to this hotel, the distance is two miles and a half. We pass over a pleasantly undulating road; pass by a crystal lakelet, nestling in the mountain wilderness, and follow its tiny outlet through sighing, sweet-scented pines, until through the green leaves of the blossoming chestnut trees appear the white balconies of the Laurel House. Here the mountains sink down, recede, advance, and rise up into that purple hue of glory, and *voilà le bout du monde!* There is nothing beyond that, I suspect.

The Laurel House is perched upon the impending acclivity of the romantic and awesome Kauterskill Falls; not so mighty as Niagara, to be sure, but awesome and fearful indeed as you bend over the bridge to look down into the chasm below—

one hundred and eighty feet! A lovely iridescent bow, formed by the sun-glow and the spray-foam, hangs like a jewelled diadem upon the brow of this mountain maid. A stairway of shaky steps leads down to the chasm, and the crumbling, half-detached rocks are sufficiently perilous to make the descent interesting.

From the broad piazza of this hotel, I can look down upon the tops of the trees, as they terrace the acclivity of the chasm—a beautiful view—as the moon-tinted boughs are stirred by the evening breeze. The guests are dispersed according to their respective tastes; some strolling among the trees; some leaning over the balcony, communing with the beauty of the night-picture, made ineffably lovely by a dainty crescent moon, while the noise-some footfall of the promenaders upon the piazza is hushed to listen to a sweet voice in the saloon singing sweet Robin Adair.

Since I commenced writing this letter, I have had a *passage d'armes* with one of the guests of this hotel. I was standing alone upon the piazza, when I perceived a gentleman approaching whom I had not seen before. He was an awfully wise-looking German, with a fierce, amber-colored moustache. He stopped before me, and looking in my face, said, with a severe expression, "Miss, was it you who was playing the piano an hour ago?"

I replied that I had been playing this morning.

"Are you a pupil of Gottschalk?" he inquired in the same stern manner.

"I have that honor," I replied.

"I knew it," he said, with awful glee.

"And pray how did you know it?" I asked.

"I knew it by your touch, I knew it by your style," said the grim German.

"I fear," I said, "that Mr. Gottschalk would consider that an equivocal compliment."

"Gottschalk is a humbug!" he said, with terrible emphasis.

"Indeed! and why do you so esteem him?"

"I heard him play twice, and he did not play Beethoven!"

Seeing my look of surprise, he asked, somewhat softened, "Do you think him a great artist?"

"I do" (this very decidedly).

"I have heard Liszt," said the grim German: "he is not equal to Liszt."

"I have never heard him compared to Liszt," I replied.

"Now," he said, "there is Wehli. I like Wehli; he is a German!"

"Oh no, he is an Englishman, and I do not remember ever to have heard him play Beethoven."

"Well," he said, "I like his way of coming upon the stage. Now Gottschalk comes out with such an air, and stares about so! Do you not think Wehli more modest?"

"I thought," I said, "that you were speaking of Mr. Gottschalk as an artist. I did not know that you estimated his musical genius by his address or his manner of coming upon the stage."

"Oh!" he said, contemptuously, "you are an enthusiast, like all women. But I know enough of Gottschalk."

"And pray what do you know?"

"I saw him at Saratoga; *Gud*," he said, "how he did carry on with the ladies!"

"Unpardonable!" I exclaimed, and with a stately courtesy, I swept past him into the saloon.

CECILIA.